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Emeline Fickett,

John S. Salisbury,

John Sibley, son of John

11 Mullions, son of Marshall

M. and Clayton D.

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Joseph Murphy,

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Communications.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

their best growth. The enthusiastic fruit grower may neglect his club friends on the pleasant evenings of spring and summer, or be missed from the group of gossiping politicians at the village store; his family physician may become almost a stranger, and the grocer turn a cold shoulder; but his conscience will be clear, and his sleep sweet, when he is able to place upon his table, to the delight of all the family, fresh fruit, every day, in profusion.

Manchester.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE GRAIN QUESTION.

BY E. C. DOW.

How to improve our condition is a subject that receives the attention of us all to a greater or less degree. It may be safely said that there is not an enterprising farmer in the State who is not desirous of increasing his income, either by more extended work, or by a saving of expense. Believing that the farmers of Maine are not, as a rule, using their opportunities to the best advantage, and are spending large sums of money annually for what can be more cheaply grown at home, I wish to call the attention of the readers of the *Farmer* to some sources of loss.

Granted, that every man has the right to manage his own business to suit himself, and that it is his privilege to either buy or grow his own feed stuffs, I am of the opinion that three-fourths of the farmers would meet with a higher success if they grew all the grain needed for the farm stock. With the land, much of which now lies idle, or does not produce enough to pay interest and taxes on its cost, with the teams and men, there is no good reason why the greater part of this immense drain should not be stopped. At best, the margin of profit on feeding purchased grain is small. That there are those who can better buy than grow, passes without argument. To the man engaged in some specialty, such as gardening or truck farming, or the growing of fruits for the home markets, it follows that there may be a good profit from feeding Western grain. A profit that is less the direct result of the feeding than of the use of the manures resulting therefrom when applied to these special crops.

There is also another class of farmers who will not find it profitable to attempt to grow large areas of grain—those who own the rocky farms of Maine. This kind of land often our very best when rightly used, as it is strong, moist, productive, and especially well adapted to the growing of grass and hay. Whether the owners of these farms shall feed Western grain, or follow a course of farming that will require but little grain feed, is a matter that each can best decide for himself. In most cases I believe the latter course would be the more profitable.

But these two classes of farmers are but a small part of Maine's land workers. There are thousands of farms in this State that are comparatively free from stones, and such land is easily worked. On these farms grain for the home use might be grown with ease and profit. Year after year have these farms been cropped without receiving a fair return in tillage and manure. Year after year have they been decreasing in product, until the fields will scarcely yield hay enough to pay for the cutting and marketing of the crop.

While all this has been going on, the owners of these farms have been "going out West to mill" to get the grain for the horses, cows, pigs and hens. The butter, pork and eggs may pay the cost of the grain, and while the horses eat up the profit (?), the farmer must chop cord wood to get a living. I am dealing in solid facts as they exist in thousands of instances right here in our own State, which has been more abundantly blessed by nature than any other section of our country. For this condition of affairs there is a remedy; out of the valley of poverty there is a road to plenty, perhaps to wealth. But we have got to work our way out. We need not hope for help except as it comes through our own efforts. We are paying the railroads every year for freighting our grain from Chicago, to furnish all the extra capital needed to grow the same value of grain, if not the same kind, upon our own farms.

Now let us illustrate this question by the case of the man who is feeding Western grain to the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars' worth yearly. Forty per cent. of that amount, or one hundred dollars, goes to the railroad company as freight. My information as to freight charges on grain is from reliable authority, and it will be found to average a little more than this for the whole State. Now, this amount paid for freight will, when invested in seed and fertilizer, produce the two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of grain on any Maine farm such as I have reference to in this article. The work of growing that amount of grain on one of these farms would be hardly more than the cost of hauling that same amount ten miles from market. The benefits would be three-fold: There would be an increased value added to the farm, the result of cultivation and fertilization; and benefit to the man himself, arising from the development of better business habits; and last, but by no means least, an addition to the income of one hundred and fifty dollars per year, which would naturally lead to a larger increase from a combination of these three advantages. This sum, added to the yearly income of the men who own these farms, would place them on an independent footing; for, on the farm, with a fair living now, an addition of one hundred and fifty dollars per annum would mean a condition above all possibility of want.

We need not expect to get much benefit by a reduced rate of freights, as there is no possibility of such a thing in the near future. We may accuse them of exorbitant charges—it serves as a sop to our own consciences when

we feel condemned for want of energy and business methods—but it will not lead us out of the condition that now surrounds us. Here is the proper course for us to pursue: Take advantage of our opportunities, and grow our feed when our farms are adapted to the production of grain; or settle into some systematic form of work that requires but little grain feed, when we have farms too hard of cultivation to warrant its raising.

Monroe.
For the Maine Farmer.
POMOLOGY.
Apple Cure.
BY CRANK.

It seems to me that there is no class of laborers so intensely interested in their work as fruit growers. The fact that the products of their labor are more attractive and tempting than anything else under the light of the sun, is one reason for this deep interest. Satan understood the magic power of fruit, and used it successfully as bait to trap the human race in its infancy. When farmers become as wise as the serpent, they will cultivate fruit more extensively, especially the small fruits, as a means to anchor the boys and girls on the farm. As we recall the days of childhood, the wild and cultivated fruits, with their associates, rise up before us more prominent than anything else. The Sweet Jonnetings, the August Stripes, the Blue Damsons and Green Gage—how nice they were! I do not believe the people, as a class, have yet learned to duly appreciate the real value of fruit. If the people in common used as much fruit per capita as is consumed at the hygienic institutions, the demand would be increased ten-fold. Persons suffering from dyspepsia, constipation, congestion of the brain, and other ills which attend on general debility, are accustomed to use bitters for the stomach, cathartics for the bowels, and iron for the blood. But it is generally found that the relief to the stomach and bowels induced by medicine is temporary, and when reaction takes place after stimulation, the vital organs are weaker, and the patient is worse off in every respect than when he commenced the use of medicine.

Apples are a natural stimulant to the stomach, bowels and kidneys, and, unlike medicine, keep up, when habitually eaten, a continued healthy action of those organs. Apples are not only stimulative, but are also nutritive. And in this respect chemical analysis fails to do them justice. As fruit aids digestion, probably a larger per cent. of food is assimilated by its use. Some years ago, the case of an invalid was cited in the New York Tribune, who lived a year on no other food than apples, and during the time gained in flesh and strength. Nervous headache and sleeplessness are frequently cured by finishing each meal with two or three tart apples. The increased action of the stomach and other vital organs diverts the blood from the brain, inducing sleep and mental quiet. In most cases, "heart burn" is relieved by tart apples eaten after each meal. For the past twenty-five years, raw apples have been part of my daily food, and during this time I have taken no medicine into my stomach, and have not been confined to my bed a single day, and to the house not more than two days at any one time. I do not claim fruit to be a universal remedy, but I do believe in many cases, when properly used, it is far superior to drugs. Let the weak and debilitated ones try it and report.

East Union.

For the Maine Farmer.
JUST AN ITEM HERE AND THERE.

Mr. Samuel Thomas, Warren, is 77 years of age; cannot remember when he was ever confined to the house by sickness, even for a day; has never had to call a physician but once, and that was for rheumatism. He has taken the *Maine Farmer* nearly or quite half a century; and the patient is worse off in every respect than when he commenced the use of medicine.

The Rockland butter factory has been run successfully for nearly five years. J. Henry Hill, who is butter maker, has not been absent from the factory a single working day during all these years. O. Gardner, Knox county member of the Board of Agriculture, is selling agent, and finds ready sale for all the butter that can be manufactured largely in Rockland and Vinalhaven. A new route in Waldoboro, the cream to be brought by railroad, is talked of in the coming season.

The East Pittston creamery, E. E. Haley, proprietor, E. C. Moody, butter maker, has been successfully run three years, the product being doubled each year, with prospect of doing the same again the coming season.

Twenty (or more) years ago your correspondent found pleasant entertainment at "Winslow Hill," Nobleboro, with the late Lyman H. Winslow, at the Winslow homestead. The older agricultural men of the State will remember Mr. Winslow not only as a faithful and efficient member of the Board of Agriculture, but as a Christian gentleman with whom it was a pleasure to associate. Late years entertainment is found at the same place with the son, John M. Winslow, the present member of the Board of Agriculture for Lincoln county. And the wisdom of the agricultural society in selecting a "practical farmer" who is interested in his business, instead of a "village man," is already shown in the increased interest in the board, and the largely increased attendance at the institutes, as has been noticed in the *Maine Farmer*. Mr. Winslow is already arranging for another institute to be held in April.

R. G. Winslow has been famous for growing steers and developing them early, though his method is not exactly in accordance with the directions (?) of Friend McIntire of Biddeford, "to feed but once or twice a day, and let the cattle have plenty of exercise in the open air when the glass indicates 20° to 30°." His method is to feed small foddings often during the entire day. Which is the correct method?

Wm. M. Flagg a year or two since sold a Watchmaker colt, that is now owned in Massachusetts, and by report is pacing in about 2.20.

G. W. Oliver is among the largest and best farmers in town. Last fall his 3-year-old steers, Durham grade, a very nice pair measuring 7 feet, took first premium at the county fair.

Pleasant entertainment for a night was found at the home of Jerome Hall, on "East Neck," where through father and son the *Maine Farmer* has been a constant and welcome visitor for nearly or quite half a century.

Another long time patron of the *Farmer* in Nobleboro is Mr. Moses Perkins, one of the most successful farmers in town.

For the Maine Farmer.
THE VERMONT BUTTER SCORE.

BY G. M. TINKHAM.

Mr. Editor: The report given in the *Farmer* of Jan. 25, of the scoring of the Vermont Dairymen's Association scarcely did justice to our dairymen in several particulars.

First you give the scoring of but 21 lots, inferentially the entire exhibit of private dairies, or at least of those taking money, though nothing is said to that effect. I cannot tell how many exhibits there were from private dairies, but fifty lots drew money. Among those you did not mention were two first, two second, and two third premiums, though one third was divided between two parties who scored alike.

The lowest score on any butter exhibit was 76, and the lowest of private dairies sharing pro rata, which was embraced in the fifty lots was 82.

The seven prizes which were not mentioned in your list ranged from 95 to 93, while the average of the whole fifty lots was something above the average of the 21 lots given in the *Farmer*. This, it seems to me, gives us a rather better showing, and we need all that belongs to us in the way of credit this year. I find in my vicinity a general complaint of cows not doing as well as usual, as well as of the butter not being up to usual quality.

North Pomfret, Vt.

For the Maine Farmer.
SERIES OF FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

Farmers' Institutes have been arranged to be held at Canton, Oxford county, Monday, Feb. 26, Farmington, Franklin county, Tuesday, Feb. 27, North Parsonsfield and Maplewood, York county, Thursday and Friday, March 1 and 2, with G. M. Gowell and Prof. Walter Valentine of Orono, President Pope of the Pomological Society, Manchester, and Secretary McKeen as speakers. The subjects discussed will be dairying, stock feeding and orcharding.

Also one at Lincolnville Center and one at Thorndike, Waldo county, Wednesday and Thursday, March 7 and 8, with Charles E. Wheeler of Chesterfield, Prof. Walter Valentine and Secretary McKeen as speakers. An Institute is also proposed at South Lewiston, Androscoggin county, on Friday, March 9, with speakers and subjects to be given later. B. WALKER MCKEEN, Sec'y.

Augusta, Feb. 16.

For the Maine Farmer.
JUST AN ITEM HERE AND THERE.

BY C. S. A.

Mr. Samuel Thomas, Warren, is 77 years of age; cannot remember when he was ever confined to the house by sickness, even for a day; has never had to call a physician but once, and that was for rheumatism. He has taken the *Maine Farmer* nearly or quite half a century; and the patient is worse off in every respect than when he commenced the use of medicine.

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East Union.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF LIFE.

BY F. M. HOWARD.

If we view the poetic side of life and ignore the practical we live in a sort of pleasant dream. Farmers cannot afford to spend their time in this way, by a combination of good sense and practical farming they do much toward paving the way to great achievements. In consideration of the many crops raised upon the farm there is hardly one that has been so much neglected as Indian corn. The labor is no more than that expended upon other crops and the benefit derived more than compensates for the outlay. As the seasons vary great uneasiness is often experienced by the stout hearted ones, but a firm faith in Him who controls the elements and sends the sun and showers to warm and water the earth, will oftentimes calm the mind and in His own time yields a bountiful harvest.

To the farmer that depends wholly upon his physical strength for daily bread, it is reasonably answered that it is a paying crop. As a class they are not imposed upon and depressed, but since these organizations have sprung up the rural communities are becoming more systemized, the interest is increased and as a natural consequence the work is more thorough. There certainly is an inexpressible pleasure in being permitted to minister to the wants of dumb animals.

As the fertility of the soil has to be kept up it is advisable to procure good stock, since the expense would be no more than that employed upon an indifferent lot. Horses consume a good deal and too many are poor property for the average farmer unless they can be converted into work horses. Trotters are numerous and the farmer has but little time to devote to the training of them, for help is scarce and he often has to do the work of two men. I cannot understand why working upon the farm is so objectionable to young men.

They will sit round a corn shop for hours waiting for work, receiving inferior pay, rather than work for a dollar a day upon the farm. It is one of the enigmas of life. Boys will go to distant cities and spend their time and money in riotous living and return after many years to the despised little farm. Young America must learn by experience in passing through the different degrees of swapping watches, jack-knives, and horses—sometimes it proves a valuable experience that would not be paid for with money. The old plow must be kept in order or the people of the city will not be able to have a "farmer's dinner" every Tuesday.

They kept up the rapid pace for over an hour, every minute showing that the moose was strung along with increasing difficulty. At intervals the trail indicated that he had fallen from exhaustion, and had lain for a moment to rest in the snow. These snow casts of his big body became more frequent, and it became evident at last that their quarry was almost spent, and that unless he sought shelter in the hills they must soon overtake him. A moment later a shout from the head of the column told that the moose was in sight.

son through, handling, in this way, from two to three hundred a year. Two years since he sold four "Peter Waldos" for \$100, the best one bringing something more than \$30. He keeps them till six or eight weeks old, taking the milk each of one or two cows, they require, making them dress from 200 to 300 lbs.

Another home for the *Maine Farmer* in Jefferson is in the family of T. P. Weeks, and this successful farmer who has been a remarkable man to train colts by kind yet firm methods without the use of the whip. He has a pair of red Durham grade steers 6½ ft. and 6½ ins., the largest one being a remarkably good one in build and thriftiness. He would like to buy a mate for the best one, or would buy a pair that would match with his.

Arial N. Weeks, on one of the many Weeks homesteads in Jefferson, has a good farm, with one of the best sets of farm buildings in town. He was formerly a blacksmith, and has a very nice young orchard from which in favorable years he harvests about 100 barrels of apples.

During the first "big storm" of the season, Jan. 30th and 31st, your correspondent found himself snow, or storm-bound, with the family of Geo. T. Houdlett, which was more pleasant home for a traveling man need be desired. Mr. H. is one of the most successful farmers in town, who always keeps a pair or two of nice oxen and steers. This year his ox team consists of a pair of Holstein oxen about 7 ft. in the line, good in any place, and two pairs of 3-year-old steers, all good ones, and each pair nicely matched. He also has a pair of Holstein steers, good ones, one year old in March, nearly or quite 5 ft. in the line. He keeps two or three pigs, not old hogs, and considers it much more profitable to kill them when six or eight months old, making them dress from 300 to 350 lbs., than to feed them longer.

It was Henry W. Paine, the eminent Boston lawyer who died the other day, that made to a chief Justice who interrupted his argument with the remark, "Mr. Paine you know that this is not law," the quiet reply, "it was law until your honor spoke," and proceeded complacently with his argument.

Gen. Lew Wallace is at work on a fourth novel, the material for which he has been quietly collecting for several years. He has been taking life easy since he completed "The Prince of India" last summer. Gen. Wallace refuses to say with what age or people he will deal in his new work, nor will he even say when he expects to finish it. It was Henry W. Paine, the eminent Boston lawyer who died the other day, that made to a chief Justice who interrupted his argument with the remark, "Mr. Paine you know that this is not law," the quiet reply, "it was law until your honor spoke," and proceeded complacently with his argument.

Young Victoria has reigned longer than any other ruler in the world, having ascended the throne in 1837. Next to her in point of time is Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria and Frederick the grand duke of Baden. The youngest crowned heads are the little queen of the Netherlands, who is thirteen, and the king of Spain, who is seven and a half years old.

Dr. Ludwig Behrendt, for many years editor-in-chief of the "Berliner Tageblatt," died in the German capital recently. He was born in Magdeburg, and after graduation from the university began his life-work as one of the editors of the "Magdeburger Zeitung." He was a writer of force and a poet whose verse is full of feeling. His translation of Horace is considered one of the best in the German language.

Matthew Henry's commentary on the Bible was written for the common people, and in the slang of the day. In commenting on Judges ix, he says: "We are here told by what acts Abimelech got into the saddle." He hired for his service all the scum and scoundrels of the country. Jonathan was really a fine gentleman. The Sechemites were the first to kick him off. They said all the ill they could of him in their talk. They drank health to his confinement.

—Young fellow," spoke the stately figure, in a voice like the hero in the play. "I have watched your conduct." He looked down wistfully on the tough. "I have observed it carefully and it has grieved me a good deal. I have waited to see how far you would go. You have gone as far as I can permit. You will now leave this cabin. On second thought, I will put you out." And the stately gentleman with the hero voice took the lad by the ear and led him down the cabin.

At the door he paused and added: "On further thought, I will kick you out!" and pushing open the door he forcibly kicked the shivering and whimpering tough into the darkness of the outer deck. When the boat reached the dock the ejected party was seen to scamper out of sight in the briskest possible manner. It is the testimony of the young couple that the figure and voice of this courtly stranger will linger in their memory for the remainder of their natural lives as something all but divine.—N. Y. Recorder.

—GREAT DIFFERENCE.

Upon comparing a night hawk with a whip-poor-will we find that, apart from the very well defined difference these birds exhibit in their internal structure, and in the general tone and markings of their plumage, there are a few external striking features that ought to enable any person to distinguish one from the other at the most casual glance.

I refer especially to the long, conspicuous bristles projecting from about the mouth of the whip-poor-will, a character almost entirely absent in the night hawk. Further, the tail of the former is very much rounded, with its four middle feathers like those of the back

Maine Farmer

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and seventy-two cents for each subsequent
insertion.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Lincoln County.

Mr. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Aroostook County.

Purchasers of apples report that they are scarce and of rather poor quality.

There was a grand ball given the other evening in Portland by the Maine Central Railroad Relief Association. It was a happy occasion, and for a most worthy object.

And now a serious move is made for a new trial of Prendergast, the confessed and undoubted murderer of Mayor Harrison. Such proceedings as these tend to bring law into contempt and encourage criminals. The French method of getting at an undoubted assassin in short order should be imported here.

The Rev. Dr. George Dana Boardman, who is to retire from the pastorate of the First Baptist church, Philadelphia, on May 15th, the thirtieth anniversary of his pastorate, was born in Burnham, and is the son of the late Rev. George Dana Boardman, and a stepson of the late Adoniram Judson, two of the most famous of the missionaries to the East. For many years he has been one of the most influential and respected ministers of Philadelphia.

The farmers of North Dakota are telling some very large stories about the ravages of the Russian Thistle in their vicinity. They informed the house Committee on Agriculture in Washington the other day, that three counties in their State have been abandoned because of it, and about 70,000 square miles are covered with it. The horses' legs have to be covered with leather leggings to protect them from the thistles. The Canada thistle, they say, can't hold a candle to this variety.

The changes in the system of voting under the Australian method, that go into effect this spring, are for the most part very simple. A square can be found at the head of each ticket on the ballot. Within one of these squares a cross must be put, and when that is done and the ballot legally deposited, the vote will be counted for all whose names appear below it. If it is desired to cross out the name it may be done, or if the voter wishes to vote for one of the opposite party he substitutes for the regular nominee of his party the name of the man for whom he desires to vote. This may be done by scratching out one name and writing in another, or by the use of pasters that were formerly so common. It is only necessary to make one cross under any circumstances, and that should be in the square at the head of the ticket. Then the voter may change the ticket as he pleases.

The ninetieth birthday of Neal Dow of Portland, will occur on March 20th, and his friends are intending to celebrate it with special ceremonies. Not only will it be celebrated at his home in Portland, but meetings in honor of the father of the "Maine Law" will doubtless be held in many other places by advocates of prohibition and total abstinence. Mr. Dow's first interest in the temperance movement was in connection with the Maine Temperance Union, which in 1837 urged upon the legislature the abrogation of all license laws. In 1839 he appeared as a public advocate of prohibition, advocating before the Aldermen of Portland the referring of the question of license or no license to a vote of the citizens. Since then General Dow has been actively interested in temperance work. He served in the war, and was twice wounded; he was captured by the rebels, and in 1864 was exchanged for General Fitchburg Lee. In 1880 General Dow was the prohibition candidate for President, and received 10,368 votes. A celebration of the birthday will also be held in London.

Henry Clews & Co. of New York, in their weekly circular of information, say:

"There are symptoms that the turning stage in the now prevailing depression of business has been reached. At any rate, there are not a few shrewd observers of the signs of the times who have come to that conclusion and are acting accordingly. It is not difficult to trace these beginnings in the real estate market, where there is a distinct disposition to buy well-situated down-town properties, with a view either to reselling on a rise, or to erecting large office buildings; and such transactions are done at better prices than might be expected under the circumstances. In some of the more staple kinds of cotton goods, of which there is some accumulation, manufacturers would find no difficulty in disposing of large amounts to speculative buyers, if the holders were willing to make moderate concessions of price. There are symptoms also that the hardening tendency in the coffee market is due to carefully concealed efforts to buy large lots for a reactionary advance. During the past week important applications have been made to the banks for advances on wheat collateral, which the banks, contrary to their usual indifference to such loans, have readily entertained. Most of these operations are undertaken by men of capital, outside of ordinary market transactions, upon the conviction that prices have touched their lowest point and must yield a profit upon purchases. These unmistakable facts are the first rays of light breaking from a gloomy situation, and may be fairly construed as the beginnings of a general brightening up of the prospects of business."

FROM THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.

Geo. R. Smith, Esq., of this city, Registrar of Deeds, recently received the following letter from O. A. Tuel, Esq., who went to Southern California and Arizona, for the benefit of his health. It contains so much of interest that we have induced him to permit us to copy it:

TUCSON, ARIZONA, Feb. 1894.

My Dear Sir: I have been exceedingly slow about writing my friends East, but I do not feel like apologizing nor do I believe my friends want anything more than to know that I have not felt able to write.

How I should enjoy stepping in and having a good chat with you and hear all about the boys, politics, &c. As it is I am forced to be content stranded out here on the desert with only Mexicans, Indians, negroes, Grecians and Chinese company.

I found Southern California very beautiful indeed. It is a veritable park 150 miles long and 90 wide. I made a hasty run over the most of it, and for beauty of scenery, ornamental trees, shrubbery of all kinds, orchards and vineyards, I doubt if it has a superior in the world. But with all its natural and artificial beauty it is, in my judgment, a poor country for a poor man to emigrate to. Los Angeles is the only city where there is any snap or business vigor; all the rest, including San Diego, are slow, sleepy places quite different from what I expected in that respect.

The people of Southern California are, for the most part, genial, off-hand, good fellows. I found their great fort, though not work, but lying. For genuine, all round, consummate, heavy weight, California takes the first prize.

I was in Riverside a part of one day only and in company with a friend from Ontario, so have not called on Mr. Kyes and Mr. Packard; shall try and call on them in May when I return to the coast. I am not at all pleased with Riverside. I could find plenty of as good land and better climate and location. It is true that there are some rare beauties, but a growing town must have more than beauty to thrive.

I left California in the hope of finding a better climate for my lungs and I think the climate here is better in many ways at this season of the year. Butch, "The beauty and the loveliness" seem to have passed away from earth. Tucson is located in nearly the center of a desert or plain completely surrounded by the Santa Catalina, Rincon and Santa Rita ranges of mountains, about 80 miles long and 40 wide. It has between 6000 and 7000 inhabitants, three-fourths of whom are Mexicans and Indians. Fully three-fourths of all the buildings are mud or adobe, which is very friable mud. Many of the Indians live in holes in the ground. I saw one to-day, and I was wondering who dug that hole and for what, when the black face of a squaw appeared from below to enquire why I was disturbing the peace and quiet of her home? Although I was not at all scared, I walked rapidly away and avoided all holes in the ground for the rest of my walk. It is just the toughest town I ever struck! It is a poor day when man, at least, is not shot, or killed in some other way. They value human and animal lives but alike. There is no society. If a strange mind is busied in all his life, but can't be funny and live here. And yet, I am sort of enjoying this wild life. The fellows seem to like me. I can't say why, and certainly am not proud of their love.

I shall soon be with you with my war paint on again. Sincerely yours,
O. A. TUELL.

Colby Men at Boston.

Eighty-five members and guests of the Boston Colby Alumni Association met at the Tremont House, Boston, Thursday evening, for the annual reunion. From 5 to 6 a reception was held, after which an adjournment was made to the banqueting hall. President C. F. Meleny was in the chair and on either side of him were the guests of the evening, President B. L. Whitman of Colby University and President E. B. Andrews of Brown.

President Whitman extolled the Maine College in a most eloquent manner. He said that upon leaving Waterville that morning, "Sam," who is the mascot of Colby, remarked that he was delighted to know the President was going to attend the banquet. President Whitman said he felt sure all was right at the university as long as "Sam" was at his post.

President Andrews of Brown University, said he felt like a young man, who, when about to attain his majority, was told by his father: "Young man, it is about time for you to marry and settle down." The young man said: "When you married you took mother; if I marry I must push out and take up with a stranger."

President Andrews said he felt in much the same position, inasmuch as the other speakers of the evening were addressing their alma mater and he was obliged to speak to an "entire stranger." An original poem, written by Harry L. Koopman, was read by him. Hon. F. P. Lyford said many pleasant things of his alma mater.

Portland talk of bidding for the Bath Iron Works. But we understand that the majority of the stockholders whose interests are centered in the city of Bath intend that the works shall remain there. The money that will be received for insurance will be sufficient to rebuild the works in better shape than they were before.

An old and much valued subscriber in Orrington, remitting the amount of his annual subscription to the Farmer, says: "I think my first acquaintance with the paper was in 1833. I was not a subscriber at that time; one of my neighbors later on failed to pay his account and was \$10, which I paid for him, and now in my old age the old Maine Farmer is a welcome visitor."

Bro. Shorey starts off at a lively pace in the first number of the *Brunswick Telegraph* under his administration. He is a talented, educated and active young man, and will make a local paper of which the people of the town will feel proud. After having served the people long and faithfully, Bro. Tenney sold the good will of his fellow citizens.

General Manager Payson Tucker of the Maine Central, gave a birthday banquet at the Union Station cafe, Saturday evening, covers being laid for 60. The Hall League was well represented, and a number of prominent railroad men were present as guests from out of the State.

The annual encampment of Maine's national guard, which was omitted last year, will take place this year at the State muster ground in Augusta. The time has not yet been fixed.

MAINE STATE FAIR TRUSTEES.

The Trustees of the State Agricultural Society are already active in making preparations for the next State Fair, and a full meeting was held Monday, the 19th, at the Elm House, Auburn, the entire board being present excepting Mr. G. O. Bailey, Belfast, who is ill. The entire day was spent in revision of the premium list, additions being made where it was evident that exhibits would be increased.

The division of Superintendents this year will be as follows: Alonso Libby, horses; H. Wesley Hutchins, tickets; M. T. Pooler, halls, and to fill the vacancy caused by the illness of Mr. Bailey, Mr. A. J. Libby, the very efficient ex-Trustee and Superintendent of Cattle, has consented to take charge of that department again. This will be good news to the cattle men, as their interests will be as carefully looked after as during former years. Look for a full cattle exhibit this year. The poultry breeders will also find inducements to bring or send their stock, as the society will receive and recompense the villages, as a rule, small and not especially attractive. But from Bellows Falls to Rutland the whole scene changes, and it must be one of the most delightful rides in all that region during the growing season. Rutland is a city of nearly twenty thousand inhabitants, on a par with any New England town, and the first glance up the business streets impresses the thought of business activity and wealth. From here the natural sources of prosperity were apparent on every hand in the marble and slate quarries, but the hammers and saws were quiet, while every storehouse and railroad platform was crowded with the output therefrom, waiting, awaiting the ushering in of better business days. It was a striking illustration of the force of the lesson of the interdependence of classes and interests, and that when "one member suffers all members suffer with it."

The Trustees decided to continue the Pacing Stake Races as in 1893 for 1, 2 and 4 years-olds, thus meeting the demands of the colt owners of every age and class. The arrangement of races when complete will be the best and most satisfactory on record, and, as they look to the development of State of Maine horses, must meet with favor and receive a cordial response. The success of the State Fair does not rest with the officials. They have done their duty, and done it well. The door is open for owners to take full advantage of the very liberal stakes and stake races, and the fact that these are confined to Maine and the Provinces, should insure a list of entries beyond anything in the history of the society. Assurances have been made of exhibits, so that the character and extent of the next State Fair will be fully up to former years, and may be if those interested in State industries will lend their influence and fill the halls. The officials decided to open the fair Monday and continue through Friday, giving five days, thus affording more time for getting into complete working order and showing exhibits.

State Bar Association.

The State Bar Association held its annual meeting in Portland, Wednesday afternoon, prominent lawyers from all parts of the State being present. Besides matters of business, President Charles F. Libby of Portland delivered an able and exhaustive address on what is known as the Australian or Torrens system of registration of land titles.

At a business meeting in the afternoon, officers were elected as follows: President, Charles F. Libby of Portland; Vice-Presidents, Orville D. Baker of Augusta, Albert R. Savage of Auburn, and F. A. Wilson of Bangor; Secretary and Treasurer, Leslie C. Cornish of Augusta; Executive Committee, Charles F. Libby, Frederick A. Powers of Houlton, C. E. Littlefield of Rockland, F. C. Payson of Portland, Albert M. Spear, Gardner. A. L. Laubert, Houlton, is chairman of the committee on legal education, George C. Wing, Auburn, chairman of the committee on membership, Charles F. Libby, chairman of committee on law reform, and J. H. Drummond, chairman of committee on legal history.

After election of these officers, A. A. Strout, Esq., presented the following resolution:

Resolved, That the State Bar Association of Maine respectfully urges upon the Legislature the propriety of providing for the appointment of a commission to inquire into the condition of the law in the State, and to aid in the establishment of a uniformity of legislation relating to forms and registration of conveyances, estates, wills, bills of sale, procedure and other like matters, so far as the same shall be found advisable and consistent.

This resolution was passed and the following were appointed to bring the matter to the attention of the Legislature: A. A. Strout, F. A. Wilson of Bangor and W. C. Philbrook of Waterville.

The annual banquet was held in the evening at the Falmouth Hotel. After the banquet the time was almost wholly occupied by Judge William L. Putnam, who made an elaborate address on George Evans, a native of Maine, born in 1797, graduated from Bowdoin in 1815, elected to Congress in 1820 and to the Senate in 1841.

The Wool Market.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin says: The sales of wool for the week were 206,000 pounds of foreign, and 1,265,400 pounds of domestic. The market show a total decrease from last year's corresponding date of 15,174,600 pounds. The receipts of wool at Boston since Jan. 1, similarly show a decrease to date of 19,454 bales domestic, and 16,881 bales of foreign. The market is utterly dull and featureless, a few buyers attending picking up small lots from the bargain counter.

The underwear mills have generally cut prices twenty per cent. from the old rates without securing much business. They have been buying Australian lambs in large quantities on the basis of six to sixteen per cent. This is a general weakening in washed fleeces towards a hard pan basis. Ohio XX sold 21½ cents lower than last week's quotation, which was the lowest on record. Terri-ty wool seems to be on bed rock. Valley Oregon sold for the first time in months, the basis being thirty-three for No. 1.

Gen. Edward W. Hincks, of Cambridge, Mass., died last week. He was born in Bucksport, served an apprenticeship on The Bangor Whig and went to Boston in 1849, where he conducted a publishing business. Afterward he was representative to the legislature from Boston. He served in the army during the war with marked bravery and efficiency and was several times wounded. His death was the result of old wounds.

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A GLIMPSE OUTSIDE.

In a late issue our agricultural editor gave our readers an insight into what Vermont farmers are doing in dairy lines, drawing therefrom valuable lessons for us to follow. But it is not alone in this industry that suggestions of worth may be obtained. One cannot spend the days of an institute with the Vermont Board of Agriculture, and the farmers who gather at these meetings, without the conviction that they are centering their thoughts upon certain specific lines of work. It was our pleasure to be present at the two days' meeting at Fair Haven, located about twenty miles west of Rutland, and just on the New York line. One gets a very poor idea of the country from Fitchburg, Mass., to Bellows Falls, the section traversed being broken and unproductive, the villages, as a rule, small and not especially attractive. But from Bellows Falls to Rutland the whole scene changes, and it must be one of the most delightful rides in all that region during the growing season.

—Washington's birthday, and the schools will have a vacation to-day.

If the author of "Beautiful Snow" were living, how he would enjoy the present state of things.

Cushnoe Tribe of Red Men are fitting up a fine hall for their use in what has been known Novelty Hall.

—Seth Williams Post, and in fact other Posts of the G. A. R. throughout the State, will to-day properly observe Washington's Birthday.

—Mr. H. Chernowsky, trader, having made a composition with his creditors at 40%, has received his discharge in insolvent.

—The iron arch to be placed over the steps leading to the State House has arrived and will soon be put up. The electric light near these steps will be placed on the top of the arch.

—The editorial "puff" is carried to great length in many newspapers, city and country, but for elegance of diction, beauty of sentiment and strict adherence to grammatical construction, the following, from an Alabama paper, "lays over" anything that ever came under our notice. It appeared as the leading editorial, and we give it *verbatim et liberatin et punctuacionem*.

"The undertaking firm of Boyd, Scott & Co. are on their mettle last Sabbath in the conduct of one of the largest colored funerals ever seen in this city; they should receive great credit for the manner in which they preserved the body of Miss Johnson, this shows conclusively that they are practical embalmers. Their conduct of affairs are in the strictest terms of respectability and tenderness. We all agree that though the dead is without feelings, yet we want them handled with precious care. We bespeak for them success, which they so justly merit."

Twenty stories and 300 feet high; that is to be the size of the latest of the sky scraping buildings which New York has been erecting in rapidly increasing numbers within the last year or two. The building is to be erected by the American Surety Company at the southeast corner of Broadway and Pine street, where the old Continental Building now stands. The building will be on the Greek classical order of architecture. The cost of construction, it is estimated, will be not more than \$1,000,000 nor less than \$800,000. The new building will be only one block from Governor, choosing a State committee, and nominating plans to carry on the campaign of '94.

—At a meeting of the Moose River Log Driving Company in this city, Monday, the old board of directors was chosen, and it was voted that the wages of foremen cut from \$3 to \$50 per day, and cant dog men from \$2.75 to \$5. The Dead River Log Driving Company also chose the old directors, and fixed the wages of foremen at \$2.75 per day, boatmen at \$2.25, and canting men at \$1.75, a cut of 25 cents a day all round.

—On Monday evening a few of the friends of Rev. S. G. Sargent gathered at his residence on Green street, to extend their congratulations on the 87th anniversary of his birth, and to express the desire that he may live to fully round out the century mark. With a clear mind, an unfettered conscience and a heart that seems absolutely incapable of guile, our venerable friend is always ready for the "chariot and the horses," to bear him to the heavenly country, but he may linger many years longer with us. His wife's mother, Mrs. Robinson, is one of the family, smart and active at the age of almost ninety-seven.

—Among the questions that will be settled at the next national encampment of the G. A. R. is the proposition to admit the Sons of Veterans to the organization. The subject has not yet been considered by the Grand Army as a whole, but has been brought before several of the State encampments. In the department of Pennsylvania, a committee was appointed to prepare a report for the State encampment at Philadelphia, to be held March 1st and 2d. While many Grand Army men favored the idea of having the Sons of Veterans in the order, there is also considerable opposition.

—We have received the publication entitled "Why Bonanza Farming Pays," issued by William Deering & Co., Chicago, manufacturers of and dealers in agricultural implements. It has fine illustrations of their reapers and mowers and binders, in active service in the field, together with all the latest methods of their composition. There is a panoramic illustration of the Foreign Commissioners' visit to the Northwest,

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

A GAY FROM EARTH.

BY J. H. MC LAUGHLIN.

Bow, bow the head, and bend the cringing knee!
With boots it now to wage the fruitless fight.
Since Gold is God, and Wrong and Might
are right,
And Truth and Virtue are no longer free?

Since Honor walks ashamed with downcast eyes,

Where Mammon's votaries throng on every side,

Who fear to stem the ever swelling wave?

The wail of orphan and the widow's tears,

Move not the pity of the haughty proud,

Who ride and trample o'er the craven crowd.

Through all the changes of the empty years;

The poet sings his studied lines for gold;

Fraud and perfidy hollow blasts are blown;

The worthless soul in worthless sin is sown;

All, all alike, are bartered, bought and sold!

The jewel'd harlot flaunts to public gaze;

The causeless embezzler of her shameless sins;

The life of virtue evened up;

The garish light of these sin-sodden days.

O Christ! O Christ! Thou sweet and loving

Who gave Thee thy precious blood that we

Look down in mercy, pity and forgive.

Our wayward lives, and all the good undone.

"And as thou prayed for those on Calvary's

hill,

Whom mock'd, derided, jeered Thee to Thy doom,

As thou a pardon biddenst with Thy last breath.

Do Thou, O God, O Christ, be lenient still!"

For the Maine Farmer.

IN SILENCE.

BY E. T.

When wild and fierce the tempest howls,
And dashing breakers roar,
Borne on the breeze, methinks I hear
The voice I heard of yore,
That would have laid me low,
And sorrow fills my heart
With half regretful thoughts of thee.
I wonder when thou art?

And when, at eve, alone I stray
Beside the reeds—methinks I hear
Thy footstep by my side.
When rosy twilight, soft good-night,
I wonder if the wanderer
Dost remember me?

Our Story Teller.

A WOMAN'S YES.

Miss Louise Bragg's social colleagues were fond of saying of her to one another and to strangers that she was a wonderfully clever young woman. This was meant in no qualified sense; it carried with it no contingencies; the distinction was positive. The fact of her cleverness stood prominently apart, and was a notable item in the general assets of her social set. It became one of the chief facts concerning her interesting personality, and frequently overshadowed less striking ones when she was being conversationally considered. She was of the slender, willowy type; tall as most men, and graceful after an unconscious, unstudied fashion. Her face had straight, angular lines, and was not essentially pretty. When she smiled it revealed many surprising curves and subtle charms of expression. Wondrous power lay in her brown eyes, power under complete subjection of her will. Her hair was of the bright yellow tint of overripe wheat, the tint that somehow suggests artisinality.

Miss Bragg's love experiences had been numerous; but she had managed with her cleverness to give them variety. Every man she had ever known well had attempted to make love to her. She thought it very amusing, and her women friends agreed with her in this view when she told them of her experiences, omitting names. She was not without conscience in the matter, however, and contented herself with believing that all of her admirers would get over their weakness without permanent hurt.

A brief note from one of these admirers received one morning just as she was going out produced marked effect upon Miss Bragg. She gave up her intention to go out and sat down to read a second and a third time the very brief and conventional epistle. It was a very concise note from Mr. Philip Newman, asking her to walk with him in the afternoon.

These walks, it must be explained, formed one of Miss Bragg's characteristic social institutions. Besides being clever she was peculiar. She went walking with young men much oftener than she went driving or to the theater with them. Mr. Phil Newmann had been one of the first young men to enjoy the pleasure of these walks, and the sight of him promenading with Miss Bragg had inspired countless other young men to aspire to the same privilege. But for three years, although she had walked often, Newmann had not been her companion. She had seen him occasionally at balls, parties, the theater and elsewhere, but had had little communication with him. The day before receiving his note she had passed him on the street and he had bowed in a distantly polite manner.

After reading the note the third time and vainly trying to comprehend its meaning she took from the cabinet, in which she kept all her letters, a letter in the same handwriting, and, putting the two together, studied them. Though totally different in tone and apparent meaning she believed them to be of practically the same import. The first, written by Newmann just after their last walk together three years before, was a timid, half fearful proposal of marriage. He had a tremulous note of fear in it—fear that she would refuse. The last—just four lines—asked her to walk, nothing more. Yet, Miss Bragg's logic gave the two the same import.

"Well," said Miss Bragg, as she finished her note of acceptance, "the answer's the same to both letters—'yes.' Before it was a qualified, obscure 'yes'—he didn't recognize in its disguise. This time—I don't like this. I'll make it plain for him."

She tore up what she had written, and prepared in something, came back to her: "Yes—Louise Bragg. I like that better," she said. She read Newmann's note again, half smiling. "I wonder if this last phase in the evolution of Mr. Newmann's feelings is as complimentarily to me as the first," she speculated. "He's full of moods, phases and periods. It's hard to make out the meaning of this note. It sounds like a last appeal. He is a human paradox."

Of all her love affairs, this was the most interesting to Miss Bragg. This was due to its novel history, and to other reasons. Newmann was a decided man of a not remarkable mental caliber. He measured up to the average of his set. He was rather tall and handsome, with a face typically southern. What particular quality of his that drew her toward him, Miss Bragg herself could not say—but she was con-

sious of liking him. Their walks, as has been said, were frequent, and their talks, while confidential, had never touched upon matrimonial topics.

He reserved the mention of this subject for the letter that has been referred to. Miss Bragg was a bit disappointed at having so important a question treated after the manner of a business negotiation. It seemed a little cowardly to write. Her reply was characteristically worded. To a few men in the world it would have meant "no," but to the generality of men "yes"—a woman's yes.

A call the next day would have accorded with Miss Bragg's idea of what the behavior of a young man in Newmann's place should have been, but he did not call the next day, the next week, the next month or the next year. Indeed, three whole years passed and he neither wrote or spoke to her upon the subject. After a short time she repented of having replied as she had done. Her letter now seemed so hasty, so ill-considered. If she had waited a month to reply it would have been different, she felt. Still she could not understand Newmann's conduct, and it was far from her to ask him for an explanation.

Miss Bragg dressed with great care, and calmly self possessed, she sat awaiting for Newmann. She read his last two letters again, but the repulsion of them left her puzzled still. From her cabinet she fished out a package of letters she had received from him. She had not seen them since first receiving them, but now she read them with peculiar interest. In the package were three or four written while Newmann was away on a business trip, others were written to her at mountain resorts, others still were nothing but mere formal notes asking for an engagement—all breathed the spirit of love. She could understand his actions even less as she read them, which she did with marked eagerness. Out of the confused tangle of odds and ends that filled her cabinet she searched for letters in Newmann's well known handwriting. The letters had been tossed in promiscuously and hidden from view since.

A bright, crisp, new-looking envelope dropped from her fingers as she drew out a bundle, and picking it up, she examined it curiously. As her glance fell upon it the blood left her face and her heart stood still. It was in her own handwriting addressed to Newmann—her answer to his letter of three years ago.

As she sat there regarding it in bewilderment Mr. Newmann's card was handed to her.

No traces of agitation were visible in Miss Bragg's manner when she smilingly greeted Newmann a minute later. He nervously shook hands. Miss Bragg did not sit down. "I believe we are to walk?" she said, as if the matter was of so little importance that she had almost forgotten. "Yes," he said, getting up hastily.

As they reached the sidewalk they stopped undecided which way to go. "It's a nice walk out in the vicinity of Jefferson Heights," Newmann said, hesitatingly. "We used to walk there often, you remember?" "Oh, no, it's so stupid—I detest the place." She slowly set off in an opposite direction. Newmann walked silently beside her for a few moments. Presently he announced the discovery that it was a fine day for walking. Next he observed that the walk was just like that on which they had taken their last walk together. This was followed by another and a longer pause, broke by "It's a nice walk out in the vicinity of Jefferson Heights," Newmann said, as if the place was to be considered. "It's so stupid—I detest the place." She slowly set off in an opposite direction. Newmann walked silently beside her for a few moments. Presently he announced the discovery that it was a fine day for walking. Next he observed that the walk was just like that on which they had taken their last walk together. This was followed by another and a longer pause, broke by "It's a nice walk out in the vicinity of Jefferson Heights," Newmann said, as if the place was to be considered. "It's so stupid—I detest the place."

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Horse Department.

RACES TO OCCUR IN 1894.

Blessing, June 12; Byron Boyd, Sec'y., April, June 24, 25, 26; A. R. Yates, Prop., Rigby Park, Cash & Co., July 3, 4, 5; Burt, July 4; Blodgett, Aug. 14; Blodgett, Aug. 14, 15; Blodgett, Aug. 16; Rigby Park, Aug. 20-24; Rigby Park, Aug. 21, 22, 23; Eastern State Fair, Aug. 28-31; Lewiston, Maine State Fair, Sept. 4-7; Portland, Sept. 18, 19, 20.

In the call for size and style the breeder of the trotter will find highest speed possible without sacrificing any of the other essentials. This will be one of the good effects of the present agitation of the horse question.

Study the characteristics of your brood mare, and above all else be sure that she abounds in courage and nervous energy. No more heavy-headed, dull-metalled colts are wanted. When the horse sale factories get started there will be a market for such, but not now.

With this issue we place at the head of this column the list of races to occur during the season so soon to open. Desiring that this be complete, we would ask park owners and officers to send dates as soon as decided upon. Thus the list may be made of greatest value to the horsemen of Maine.

Don't breed a mare or use a stallion which allows the wagon to run over them when a hill appears in the distance. The style of carriage which allows the breeding to tighten when a rise of ground appears in the roadway is not the style to sell above the price of pig-park. The horse is wanted which is anxious to get its nose over the top of the hill, no matter how long it may be.

Take time during these early days to look up the colts by different horses in your vicinity and see which comes the nearest to meeting your standard. You will want to breed early, and the information thus gained will be of value. A horse that is not sending out good sized, well formed colts, is not the one for you to patronize this year, no matter if the owner gives a liberal prize with every free service. Gift stock flat.

There's no question but the colder climate, rougher, more hilly roads and rocky soil of Maine plays an important part in the development of the horse to endure long service. Right here is where some of the compensations come in. The poor foot of the prairies can't be reproduced here. We get something stronger and better. Here is one cause why the best horse stock of the East will always be wanted in other sections of the country. Count this year, which worth having, and go ahead and breed for the top of the market.

It was a bad day for Maine when her breeders let go of the Morgan type, and while perhaps something more of size is oiled for to-day, yet that would have been forthcoming, with other traits, had the type been preserved. In its place we have the slim built, angular, and perhaps speedier animal, though the possibilities of the Morgan in this direction cannot be estimated, had the same amount of skill been bestowed upon the family as on others. One fact seems assured, that the near future will give us trotters and pacers built upon more symmetrical lines, where beauty of form shall have a leading place.

Perhaps it would be interesting to some of our readers to see a list of horses with records of 2.12 or better. They are Nancy Hanks 2.04, Kremlin 2.073, Martha Wilkes 2.08, Sunol 2.084, Belle Vera 2.083, Maude S. 2.083, Palo Alto 2.083, Allerton 2.091, Alex 2.10, Jay Eye See 2.10, Nelson 2.10, Moquette 2.10, Arion 2.101, Lord Clinton 2.104, Little Albert 2.104, Greenleaf 2.104, Nightingale 2.105, Guy 2.105, Lobasco 2.104, Stamford 2.11, Directum 2.114, Gillette 2.111, Mattie H. 2.111, Ryland T. 2.114, St. Julian 2.114, Delmarch 2.115, Evangeline 2.115, Monbars 2.115, Walter E. 2.115, Axtell 2.12 and Jack 2.12.

Every day emphasizes the lesson of the past year. In all the eastern markets sales are dull and price low, lower in fact than during 1893. This statement applies to ordinary sale stock, and must hold until the surplus is wiped out. The warnings of former years were unheeded, and the results have been realized. Good stock is wanted, a large number of sales having been made in Maine since Jan. 1, and at good prices, but the animals were extra in quality. If ever this lesson of real worth in the individual was emphasized it has been in the horse business, and every man who breeds, or thinks of breeding, should heed to its import. One fact not to be overlooked is that buyers elsewhere have been coming to Maine for choice horses, and finding them. Stick a pin in there. Maine stock leads. Now let the breeding of 1894 be directed solely to the accomplishment of two ends, and great good will follow. Stop the breeding of undersized colts, and increase the number of large ones. Seek size and substance, for in so doing, with the good brood mares and stallions of worth, the results will be practically assured.

In employing men to work at Palo Alto the late Senator Stanford gave them the most strict orders. They were told never to strike, kick or whip a horse, and his instructions to his men were: "Always do a thing a little better than anyone else. When you breed a horse breed a little better stock each time." It was in this way that Stanford revolutionized the horse-breeding of the country. He never allowed one of his men to ill-use a horse, and they knew it. There is never any noise or blows around the Palo Alto Stables, and the horses are never frightened. To show his feeling towards his horses, the late Henry Vrooman once told of an occurrence when he was dining with Senator Stanford. Just after the dinner one of the drivers insisted that he must see the Senator. He was ushered in with blood over his face, which was badly cut. "John knocked me down," explained the man, referring to one of the trainers.

"What did you do?" asked the Senator.

"Nothing," replied the man. "But you must have done something: I want the truth," persisted the Senator. "I kicked a horse and John knocked me down," said the man.

"Those were John's instructions, and I think he did just right," said the Senator.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Poultry Department.

Don't forget the five per cent. of animal meal in the cooked ration at least three or four times a week. It will help egg production wonderfully.

J. Gehring, Bethel, is in the early chicken business in earnest having two 350 egg incubators in operation. Last week from his first hatch he took out 300 fine healthy chicks, which considering the time of year and the trouble attending early hatching must be very satisfactory.

Antwerp is one of the important centres for exportation of eggs to England, and this feature of the business is receiving great attention. In 1891 the value of eggs exported was \$1,028,000, and of poultry \$124,241. This shows what a limited territory can produce when attention is paid to a special industry.

One of the surprising and provoking things met is the bugbear of extra labor. Men cling to old practices, follow old ruts and object to anything new because of the fear of extra labor. Whenever a position is made this great stumbling block appears. It's no use to argue, not the slightest to show that there is good pay in the increased profit, the fear of "extra labor" overcomes reason and an insurmountable obstacle. When the use of green bone is urged, the supposing costing but little, the bugbear of cutting or pounding comes up. The extra work over the dry, the increased egg production sure to follow, the use of green bone may be admitted, but "there's the extra labor." When clever is urged as the best to do, if the hens would only help themselves, but its too much work for the hen.

Those who put time, thought and service into the business control conditions, and as their knowledge increases the result increases proportionately. One of the best of all compensations attending this and kindred branches, is the fact that profit is made contingent upon intelligence intelligently directed. We think we are observing the laws when failure attends our efforts, but as we gain ground we find that it is only through the exercise of higher skill and wider observation.

Egg building will proceed whenever the conditions are favorable, and that these conditions may be controlled by the breeder. This means that the hens will lay in December as in June if—and this "if" means considerable—one attends understandingly to the details. In the first place the hens must be bred for layers, and for winter layers. There is so much in the influence of inherited tendencies that they cannot be overlooked in preparing for the work. Bred for eggs, fed for eggs and worked for eggs, the hens will lay in December and January.

Beginning with breeding, the importance of egg stock to breed from cannot be too strongly emphasized. Then the fact enters in that hens are creatures of habit, and that the currents of usefulness are liable to be turned away from the desired object by the food given in the early stages, when "the cockerels must be pushed for the market." Passing this stage, the next danger is that through liberal rations fat may be deposited to the hindrance of egg functions. The great want, we fancy, is that of downright, earnest work from sun to sun. If these be the obstacles, then they are surely controllable by the breeder. Beyond these may be mentioned the importance of feeding egg elements in natural form, which brings us back to ring again the changes on green bone and clover.

Those who put time, thought and service into the business control conditions, and as their knowledge increases the result increases proportionately. One of the best of all compensations attending this and kindred branches, is the fact that profit is made contingent upon intelligence intelligently directed.

Then the barber began to dance about in a most bewildering way. He backed and filled, feinted hither and thither, working his arms, limbering up his muscles, all in the most approved way, and calculated to strike terror into any but a very stout heart.

"Now look at me," the barber seemed to say, as he went into action.

Our shot his hand straight for the ministerial nose, when lo—

"Biff!" Biff again!

The barber was away back against a partition, which beat with the force with which he went against it.

A moment and his antagonist was upon him again. Left and right, upon eyes, nose, mouth and jaw, the minister landed. The barber never struck a blow.

"Enough! Enough!" he cried.

"I thought you were a boxer," said the minister.

"I thought I was," said the barber.

The minister slipped out of the gloves and into his clerical coat and went on his way.

"See that man?" said the barber afterward as he looked out and saw the minister. "Say, he's a person, but he's a match for Corbett any day."

Buffalo Commercial.

The first telescope was probably used in 1808.

Have you these dangerous symptoms—cough, pain in the side or breast, fever, short breath, night-sweats, tickling, raising or soreness in the throat, diarrhea, nervous debility, asthmatic or bronchial affections? If so, use at once Adamson's Asthma Cough Balsam.

The best illustrated paper: A bank note.

For Over Fifty Years

Mr. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the gums, softens the ulcers, allays pain, cures cold, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea.

Five dollars a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world.

The biggest locomotive weighs 112 tons.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1783.

FORMER DRAGONS.

It must be admitted that the pterodactyls were somewhat dragon-like, especially the larger species; for, though most were of moderate size, not exceeding that of a crow or flying fox, and even some no larger than sparrows, yet the largest attained a spread of wing of more than four fathoms.

These wings, though like those of the bats in being expansions of the skin extending to the limbs, differed from them somewhat in detail.

In the bat we have a free thumb and four immensely-lengthened fingers; in the pterodactyl the fingers were free from the wing membrane, except that corresponding to our little finger. This in the volant reptile was the largest of all the long, tapering, jointed rod of bone—and the main support of the wing, which was long and narrow, one something like that of a swallow in outline. As the pterodactyl's hind limbs, like those of the bat, are weak and more or less involved in the wing membrane, it is extremely unlikely that it could sit up and perch or walk like a bird; as some have suggested its terrestrial or arboreal propensities, therefore, more probably took the form of a batlike crawl on all fours. Its head, however, was more like a bird's than a bat's, having a long snout, armed with teeth, or a beak, or both, and large eyes.

Feeding on insects, and probably also on fish, the pterodactyls must have borne some resemblance, when on the wing, to the terns, or sea swallows, the batlike drive to the surface of the sea by the rush of the great reptilian whale of the period, they indulged in the food of marine birds.

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If you have lost a pet or a valuable article, Old Reliable! Lends

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